

ATLAS

ADV. INTO
TERROR

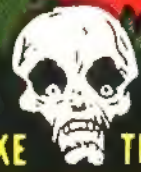
OCT.

ADVENTURES INTO

NO.
24

10¢

TERROR



TAKE THESE
HAIR-RAISING
ADVENTURES
INTO
TERROR

"THE BODY
SNATCHERS!"



"THE LAST
MAN!"



"THE
WAX
MEN!"

KEEP THOSE TORCHES
GOING, MEN...IF THEY'RE
AROUND HERE, **WE'LL
SMOKE 'EM OUT!**

ON SALE
MONTHLY

YOU MAY HAVE BEEN IN A WAX MUSEUM AND SHUDDERED AT THE MACABRE FIGURES ON DISPLAY THERE! BUT YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET, UNTIL YOU STOP IN FOR A VISIT WITH THIS GRUESOME GROUP...SO BE OUR GUEST AND LET'S DROP IN ON JONATHAN!

THE WAX MEN



WHY, YOU MIGHT WONDER, DO THE TOWNSPEOPLE FEAR JONATHAN WELCH? AFTER ALL...HE WAS MERELY A HANDSOME, YOUNG MAN HAVING DINNER WITH HIS FAMILY...

PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE HIS "FAMILY" WAS MADE OF...**WAX!**



YES...THE WAX MEN AT JONATHAN'S DINNER TABLE
FRIGHTENED EVERYONE! EVERYONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT
HELEN JONES! SHE SAW MORE THAN WAX IN THAT HOUSE...



IT MUST TAKE A LOT OF MONEY
TO RUN A HOUSE LIKE THAT... AND
IF MR. JONATHAN WELCH HAS
MONEY, I DON'T CARE
HOW CRAZY HE IS!



FIRST I MUST GET TO
MEET HIM... AND THEN THE
REST OUGHT TO BE
EASY!

IT WAS A FEW DAYS LATER, IN TOWN,
THAT HELEN HAD HER OPPORTUNITY...

IT WAS THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE
WORLD... BUT IT WORKED!-



HERE HE COMES
NOW!



MISS! WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR
PURSE!



I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO THANK
YOU!

YOU CAN THANK ME
BEST BY STOPPING
IN SOMEWHERE
AND HAVING LUNCH
WITH ME!

JONATHAN WAS "DUCK SOUP" FOR SOMEONE LIKE
HELEN, AND IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, THEY
WERE TOGETHER CONSTANTLY...

THEN, ONE NIGHT, JONATHAN TOOK HELEN'S WARM
HAND IN HIS COLD ONE...



IN PERSON



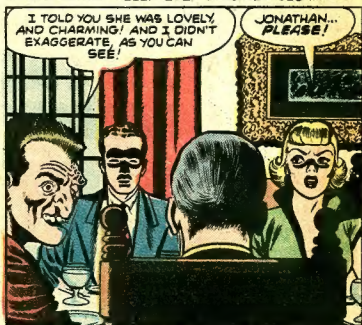
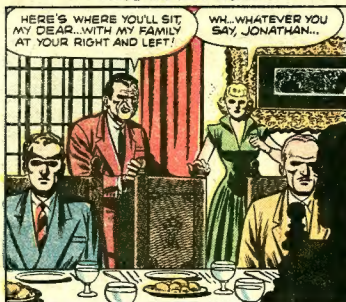
HELEN...YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON
IN THIS WHOLE TOWN WHO TREATS
ME LIKE A NORMAL BEING...AND
I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY FAMILY
MEET YOU! WOULD YOU COME
TO MY HOUSE FOR DINNER
TOMORROW NIGHT? WE
ALWAYS HAVE WANTED A
WOMAN AT THE TABLE...

I'D LOVE TO,
JONATHAN!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

NERVES ARE NOT ALWAYS CONTROLLABLE, AND HELEN HAD SOME DIFFICULTY WITH HER WHEN SHE WAS ESCORTED TO THE DINNER TABLE IN JONATHAN'S HOUSE THE NEXT NIGHT...

ONCE THEY WERE ALL SEATED, THE WEIRDEST TABLE CONVERSATION HELEN EVER IMAGINED BEGAN...



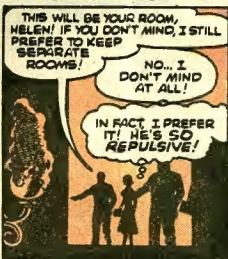
IF EVER THE LIGHT OF MADNESS SHONE, IT WAS IN JONATHAN'S EYES AT THAT MOMENT! HELEN WAS AFRAID SHE MIGHT SPOIL ALL HER PLANS, AND SHE RAN AROUND TO HIM...



AND IT WASN'T MANY WEEKS
LATER THAT...



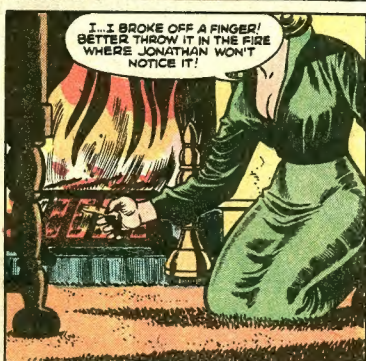
IT WAS DONE! WHAT SHE'D BEEN
WORKING FOR WAS COMPLETED!
ALL THAT REMAINED WAS FOR HER
TO GET HER HANDS ON HIS MONEY...
MEANWHILE TRYING HER BEST TO
ENDURE HIS PRESENCE... SOMETHING
SHE WAS FINDING MORE AND MORE
DIFFICULT TO DO...



THE SEPARATE ROOMS HELPED... BUT
THE WAY MEN REMAINED! ALWAYS
THEY WERE THERE... AT THE TABLE...
AND HER NERVES JANGLED MORE
EACH DAY...



BUT EACH DAY WAS WORSE THAN THE ONE BEFORE...



BUT THAT NIGHT, WHEN JONATHAN
RETURNED, HE DID NOTICE...



HALF MAD WITH RAGE, HELEN RUSHED
PAST HER HUSBAND AND RUSHED INTO
THE DINING ROOM...





STAN LEE PRESENTS: **TOMB of DARKNESS™**

THE BODY SNATCHERS



ORIGINALLY PRESENTED IN ADVENTURES INTO TERROR #24.

THE YEAR IS 1821, THE PLACE IS BRAMBURG, GERMANY!
YOU ARE HERR DOKTOR KNOPF, CHANCELLOR OF THE
BRAMBURG MEDICAL COLLEGE...

NOTE THE DISEASED LIVER, ITS DISTINCTIVE COLORATION
...OBSERVE, PLEASE, THE NEIGHBORING VEINS... NOW
WATCH CAREFULLY AS I START THE EXPERIMENT...



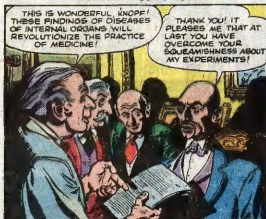
YOUR SKILLFUL HANDS WORK QUICKLY...SNIPPING TISSUE,
SLICING VEINS, INJECTING COLORING FLUID! THE STUDENTS
WATCH IN HUSHED SILENCE, LISTENING INTENTLY TO YOUR
TERSE COMMENTS...

OBSERVE, PLEASE, HOW FRESH THE CORPSE
IS...THEREFORE THIS EXPERIMENT IS POSSIBLE!
ONLY IN THE BRAMBURG MEDICAL COLLEGE
ARE THE CORPSES SO FRESH...



OH, YES, HERR DOKTOR KNOPF, YOU ARE VERY PROUD OF YOUR COLLEGE! YOUR ENTIRE LIFE IS DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF MEDICAL SCIENCE! AND YOUR COLLEAGUES HAVE BEGUN TO APPRECIATE YOUR DEVOTION...

YOU ARE A PIONEER, HERR DOKTOR KNOPF... A MAN WHO WILL LET NOTHING STAND IN THE WAY OF HIS SCIENCE! A MAN WHO WORKS IN THE LABORATORY ALL DAY... AND WHEN NIGHT COMES, YOU WALK A SHADOWY PATH...



THIS IS WONDERFUL! THESE FINDINGS OF DISEASES OF INTERNAL ORGANS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE!

THANK YOU! IT PLEASES ME THAT AT LAST YOU HAVE OVERCOME YOUR SQUEAMISHNESS ABOUT MY EXPERIMENTS!



BRRR... IT'S COLD OUT! AH... THERE'S THE CEMETERY JUST AHEAD!

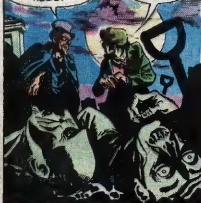
TO MEET THE GHOUL WHO SUPPLIES YOU WITH FRESH CORPSES FOR YOUR VITAL EXPERIMENTS!



I NEED TWO MORE FOR TOMORROW, HUGO! WERE THERE ANY BURIALS TODAY? THEY MUST BE FRESH!

JA, HERR DOKTOR... THEY ARE READY EVEN NOW! LOOK!

GOOD! NOW I CAN START A NEW SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS! YOU ARE WORKING FOR SCIENCE, HUGO!



IT IS NOT SCIENCE I AM INTERESTED IN, HERR DOKTOR!

OF COURSE, I FORGOT... HERE IS YOUR MONEY! DELIVER THEM TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGE AT ONCE! I HAVE LEFT THE SIDE DOOR OPEN!



DANKE, HERR DOKTOR! YOU ARE VERY GENEROUS!

YOU WALK HOME BRISKLY, YOUR MIND TEEMING WITH PLANS FOR THE NEW EXPERIMENTS! BUT WHEN YOU ENTER YOUR STUDY...



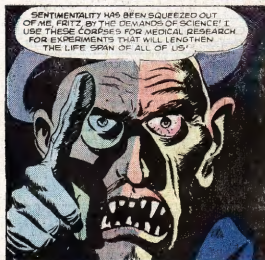
FRITZ! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT?

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR MANY YEARS, HANS! AT FIRST I DID NOT BELIEVE THE TALES I HEARD ABOUT YOU...



WHAT TALES?

THAT YOU DEAL WITH GHOULS TO SUPPLY YOUR MEDICAL COLLEGE WITH FRESH CORPSES FOR YOUR EXPERIMENTS! HANS... HOW CAN YOU DO THIS? THESE CORPSES WERE YOUR OWN TOWNSFOLK... PEOPLE WHO LOVED AND RESPECTED YOU!



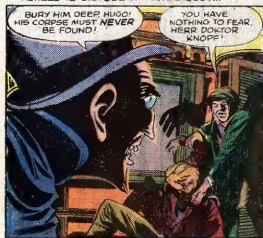
SENTIMENTALITY HAS BEEN SQUEEZED OUT OF ME, FRITZ, BY THE DEMANDS OF SCIENCE! I USE THESE CORPSES FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH FOR EXPERIMENTS THAT WILL LENGTHEN THE LIFE SPAN OF ALL OF US!

IF HE REPORTS YOU, HERR DOKTOR KNOPF, IT WILL MEAN THE END OF YOUR GLORIOUS EXPERIMENTS!

YOUR CHEST HEAVES WITH RAGE! YOUR HAND REACHES SWIFTLY FOR THE SHARP LETTER OPENER ON YOUR DESK!



AFTERWARDS, YOU RUSH TO THE COLLEGE WHERE YOU FIND HUGO! FOR A FEW EXTRA GOLD PIECES, HUGO AGREES TO DISPOSE OF FRITZ'S BODY...



BURY HIM DEEP HUGO! HIS CORPSE MUST NEVER BE FOUND!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, HERR DOKTOR KNOPF!



I WAS HOPEING YOU WOULD DENY MY ACCUSATION! BUT NOW THAT I KNOW FOR SURE... I HAVE NO CHOICE. I MUST REPORT YOU TO THE POLICE!

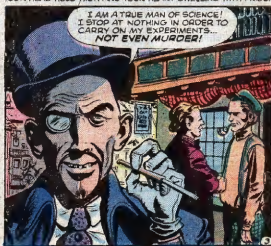


TOO BAD, FRITZ... IF YOU'D ONLY HAVE MINDED YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU'D HAVE LIVED TO HEAR OF MY WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN MEDICAL SCIENCE!



AAAARGH!

AND THE NEXT MORNING, YOU WALK THRU THE STREETS WITH YOUR HEAD HELD HIGH AND YOUR HEART SWELLING WITH PRIDE...

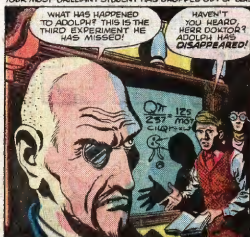


I AM A TRUE MAN OF SCIENCE! I STOP AT NOTHING IN ORDER TO CARRY ON MY EXPERIMENTS... NOT EVEN MURDER!

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BUT A WEEK LATER, YOU ARE DISTURBED TO NOTICE THAT YOUR MOST BRILLIANT STUDENT HAS DROPPED OUT OF CLASS.

AND A WEEK AFTER THAT, ANOTHER STUDENT HAS GONE...



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ADOLPH? THIS IS THE THIRD EXPERIMENT HE HAS MISSED!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, HERR DOKTOR? ADOLPH HAS DISAPPEARED!

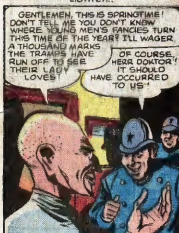


WE HAVE SEARCHED MAX'S LODGINGS, HERR DOKTOR! EVERYTHING IS UNDISTURBED! NO LUGGAGE HAS BEEN REMOVED...

I WONDER IF HUGO COULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?

THEN THE POLICE OFFICERS COME AND YOU PRETEND TO TAKE THE MATTER LIGHTLY...

THAT NIGHT YOU SEEK OUT HUGO...



GENTLEMEN, THIS IS SPRINGTIME! DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOUNG MEN'S FANCIES TURN THIS TIME OF THE YEAR? I'LL WAGER A THOUSAND MARKS THE TRAMPS HAVE RUN OFF TO SEE THEIR LADY LOVES!

OF COURSE, HERR DOKTOR! IT SHOULD HAVE OCCURRED TO US!



HUGO...THESE MEDICAL STUDENTS OF MINE. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEIR DISAPPEARANCE?

BELIEVE ME, HERR DOKTOR, I I NEVER TOUCHED THEM!



WHO WAS IT THEN? I CAN TELL BY YOUR STAMMER THAT YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'VE TOLD!

R...PLEASE...HERR DOKTOR...Y...YOU'RE CHOKING ME! I'LL TELL YOU!

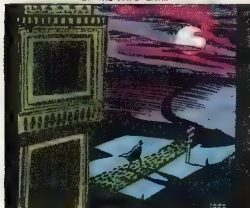
"THERE'S SOMEBODY NEW WORKING IN THIS TOWN! HE HIDES IN THE SHADOW OF THE NIGHT...I NEVER SAW HIS FACE...BUT ONE NIGHT I SAW HIM DRAGGING THE STUDENT, ADOLPH, AWAY..."

YOU TRUST HUGO FROM YOU...AND THAT NIGHT, YOU PATROL THE TOWN YOURSELF...



I CANNOT CALL THE POLICE OFFICERS IN...THEY WOULD ASK ME FOR MY SOURCE OF INFORMATION...AND THEN THEY WOULD FIND OUT ABOUT MY DEALINGS WITH HUGO!

THE BELLS IN THE CLOCK TOWER KEEP CHIMING THE PASSING HOURS! YOU SHOULD RETURN TO YOUR HOME TO GET SOME SLEEP, BUT A STRANGE FEELING KEEPS YOU PACING THE STREETS...LEADS YOU IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CEMETERY...



ANGER SURGES INSIDE OF YOU AS HE STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOW! HOW DARE HE SNATCH YOUR BEST MEDICAL STUDENTS AWAY?

HOW DARE HE INTERFERE WITH YOUR GLORIOUS EXPERIMENTS?



WHEN YOU COME TO, YOU'RE STRAPPED TO A TABLE...THE STENCH OF ROTTING FLESH THICK IN YOUR NOSTRILS...

W. WHERE AM I?
W. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY! HERR DOKTOR...



AND THEN, SUDDENLY, YOU SEE THE SHADOWY FIGURE!



BUT HE STANDS IN A SHAFT OF MOONLIGHT NOW, CLEARLY VISIBLE...AND YOUR ANGER FLICKERS OUT, EXTINGUISHED BY A COLD BLAST OF FEAR!

AND A MOMENT LATER, YOU BLACK OUT WITH YOUR OWN HORRIFIED SCREAMS RINGING IN YOUR EARS!

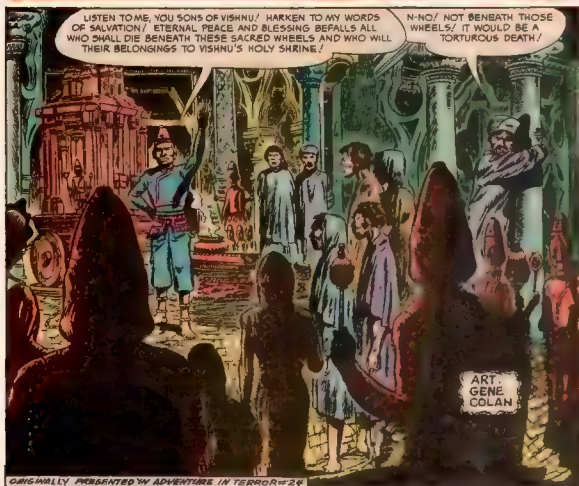


AND THE SHARP SCALPELS GLEAMING IN THEIR PUTRESCENT HANDS, THE CORPSES KEEP COMING TOWARD YOU!

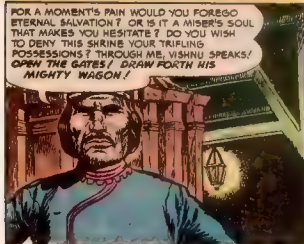


THE END

JUGGERNAUT



BUT THE FACE OF THE AVARICIOUS FALSE PRIEST SCOWLS AS HE LOOKS AT THE INDIANS OF PURI IN THE YEAR 1606, THE DAY OF THE FEAST OF VISHNU...



EAGER HANDS TUG ON THE LONG ROPE... SLOWLY THE TOWERING CART WITH THE TERRIFYING STATUE STARTS FROM THE SHRINE...

INTO THE SUNLIGHT WITH VISHNU! CIRCLE THE CITY SO HE MAY BLESS OUR HOMES!

MORE MEN! MORE HANDS TO DRAW THE SACRED WAGON!



THE WAGON MOVES! THE WHEELS TURN LIKE THE GREAT WHEEL OF THE ENDLESS LIFE CYCLE! WHO WILL FIND AN END TO HIS EARTH-CYCLE AND A BEGINNING TO ETERNAL LIFE BENEATH THE TURNING WHEELS? SALVATION! WHO SHALL PURCHASE IT FIRST BY FALLING UNDER THE WHEELS?



AS THE DREAD PRIEST APPROACHES, TERROR CROSSES EACH WORSHIPER'S FACE...

BEHOLD! THIS MAN SEEKS SALVATION!... SEE HOW HE FREELY THROWS HIMSELF BEFORE THE WHEELS!



BUT NOT A PERSON MOVES IN THE TREMBLING MULTITUDE! ALL SEEK SALVATION AND ETERNAL BLESSING, BUT THE SIGHT OF THE PONDEROUS WHEELS PARALYZE EVEN THE MOST DEVOUT WITH CHILLING HORROR...

THEY NEED AN EXAMPLE... ONCE SOMEONE STARTS THE DEATH SACRIFICE, OTHERS WILL FOLLOW!



N-NO! NO!

DO NOT SPOIL YOUR SPLENDID SELF-SACRIFICE NOW! SALVATION IS YOURS!



I SENSE AMONG YOU HERE A SINNER! A MAN TREMBLING IN THE NAKEDNESS OF HIS VILE SOUL BEFORE THE PENETRATING-GAZE OF VISHNU! BUT HE IS WRONG TO SUFFER THUS! THE WHEELS WILL ERASE HIS GUILT! HIS BELONGINGS, WILLED TO THE SHRINE, CAN GAIN HIM EVER-LASTING PEACE!



AND BEFORE THE FEAR-FROZEN MAN CAN MOVE, THE RELENTLESS WHEELS BEAR DOWN WITH CRUSHING FORCE!



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HIS SOUL RESTS IN EVERLASTING PEACE! HIS POSSESSIONS SHALL GRACE VISHNU'S SHRINE!



SEE! IT WAS EASY AND QUICK! BUT AN INSTANT AND THEN THE CALM OF ETERNITY! COME! DO NOT DRAW BACK IN FALSE FEAR! FORWARD! FORWARD TO SALVATION!!



AND A WILD HYPNOTIC DEATH-MADNESS SEIZES THE FRENZIED FRONT RANK OF SPECTATORS, AS MEN START FORWARD...



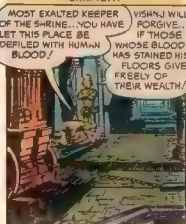
ONWARD THE HUGE PULVERIZING WHEELS ROLL, AS THEY RISE AND FALL OVER THE ROAD OF CRUSHED BODIES...



THE SIGHT OF ONE MAN'S SACR FICE INSPIRES OTHERS...



THE TOWN IS CIRCLED, THE WHEELS ARE REDDENED, AS VISHNU'S WAGON RETURNS TO ITS GLITTERING SHRINE...



MOST EXALTED KEEPER OF THE SHRINE...YOU HAVE LET THIS PLACE BE DEFILED WITH HUMAN BLOOD!



VISHNU WILL FORGIVE... IF THOSE WHOSE BLOOD HAS STAINED HIS FLOORS GIVE FREELY OF THEIR WEALTH!

BEFORE THE MERCILESS WHEELS, THE DUPED BELIEVERS THROW THEMSELVES



AND SOON THE BEREAVED MOURNERS CARRY IN THE VICTIMS' JEWELS, GOLD, ALL THEIR EARTHLY POSSESSIONS...



GOLD HERE! JEWELS THERE! AND DO NOT OFFEND THE DEAD BY HOLDING OUT ON VISHNU!



OR ON ME!

AND WHEN THE CROWD DEPARTS, A LOOK OF CUNNING TRIUMPH CROSSES THE PRIEST'S FACE...

MIGHTY VISHNU, BEHOLD THE POWER YOU HAVE / YOU HAVE LOOSENEED THE WEALTH FROM EVEN MISERS' HANDS! ONE MORE BLOODY SACRIFICIAL DAY AND I WILL BE RICH BEYOND MY MOST AMBITIOUS DREAMS!



BUT AS THE STORM RAGES, THE SLEEPING PRIEST IS AWAKENED BY THE EERIE, REGULAR AND STEADY POUNDING OF AN UNSEEN HAMMER...

IT'S COMING FROM THE WAGON! BUT NO ONE IS THERE!



AND AS THE LAST BLOCK FALLS TO THE SIDE, THE GIANT WAGON STARTS TO ROLL DOWN THE GENTLY SLOPING SHRINE FLOOR...

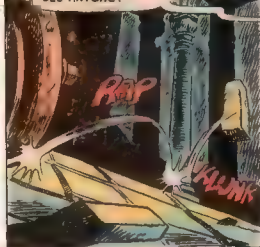
THE WAGON'S LOOSE! IT-IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME!



A STORM! I WON'T RISK SOILING MY CLOTHES OUT THERE! I'LL SLEEP IN THE SHRINE NEAR MY TREASURE!



THE BLOCKS...SOMEONE'S KNOCKING OUT ALL THE HOLDING BLOCKS FROM UNDER THE WHEELS! BUT I CAN'T SEE ANYONE!



I CAN'T STOP IT NOW! IF I CAN ONLY GET THROUGH THE GATES IN TIME!



WITH DESPERATE STRIDES, THE PRIEST REACHES THE GATES AND STARTS OUT INTO THE WILD NIGHT AS BEHIND HIM, LOUDER THAN THE OWNIOUS THUNDER, RUMBLES THE GREAT WAGON IN SEEMING PURSUIT...



OVER THE MANGLED CORPSES OF THE SACRIFICED, LEFT AS CARRION FOR THE VULTURES, RACES THE TERRIFIED PRIEST...

IT'S STILL COMING! NO ONE IS GUIDING IT... BUT IT SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING ME!



UPHILL! THAT'S MY ONLY CHANCE! NO ONE IS PULLING THAT CURSED WAGON... IT CAN'T GO UP THIS STEEP ROAD UNDER ITS OWN POWER!



BUT THE PRIEST STUMBLES ON, HIS FACE CONTORTED IN TERROR, AS HE SEES THE RELENTLESS WAGON GAINING ON HIM...

IT...IT HAS TO STOP! NO ONE IS PULLING IT! IT CAN'T CLIMB THIS SHARP GRADE BY ITSELF!



BUT THE WAGON KEEPS MOUNTING THE HILL, AS SUDDENLY...

H-NO!

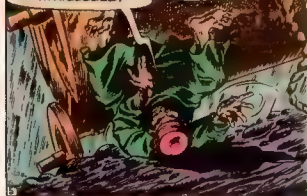


STOP! IT CAN'T COME ANY HIGHER! NO ONE IS PULLING THE GUIDE ROPE! IT MUST STOP!



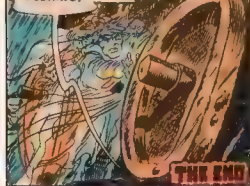
BUT THE WILDLY SPEEDING WAGON GAINS MOMENTUM AS IT LURCHES UPHILL, CATCHING THE PRIEST BENEATH ITS BLOODSTAINED WHEEL...

WHO FORCES IT ON? NO ONE IS PULLING IT!... AIEEEEE!



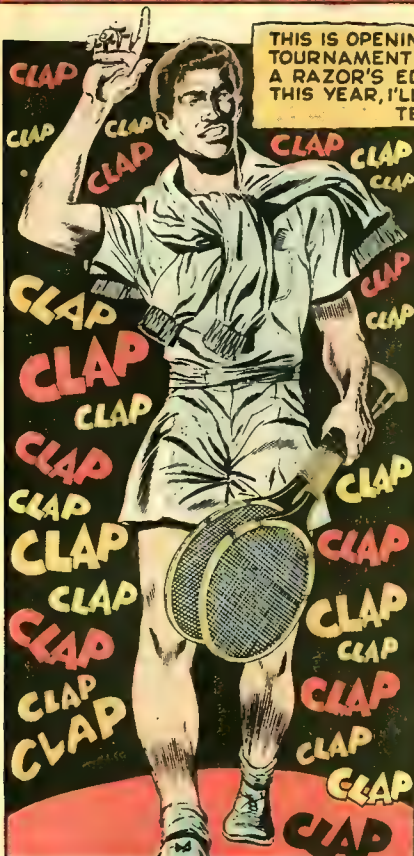
AND AS THE WHEEL STOPS FOR A SECOND BEFORE CRUSHING THE AGONIZED HIGH PRIEST, HIS EYES TURN IN HORROR AND SEE BEHIND THE WAGON...

THE SACRIFICED MEN! THEY'RE PUSHING!



TENNIS ANYONE?

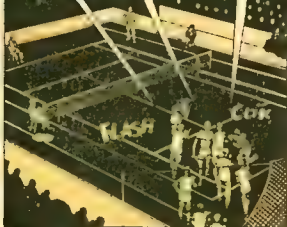
THIS IS OPENING DAY AT THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT! MY GAME IS SHARP AS A RAZOR'S EDGE... AND IF I DON'T WIN THIS YEAR, I'LL EAT A DOZEN CANS OF TENNIS BALLS!



CARE TO MAKE ANY COMMENTS, HARLOW, BEFORE YOUR FIRST MATCH?

YOU'RE TALKING TO THE NEXT CHAMP RIGHT NOW I'VE PERFECTED ALL MY STROKES... AND ADDED SOME NEW ONES, TOO!

THAT'S NOT A WATERMELON YOU'RE LOOKING AT... THAT'S HARLOW'S SWELLED HEAD!



I HEAR THE "SWELLED HEAD" CRACK, BUT I IGNORE IT! THAT'S THE SORT OF THING A MAN HAS TO PUT UP WITH WHEN HE KNOWS HE'S GOOD!

WHAT ABOUT TODAY'S MATCH? I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE DRAWN DICK SATIN? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT SORT OF PLAYER THIS SATIN IS?

I DON'T KNOW AND DON'T CARE! SATIN IS AN UNKNOWN ON THE VERGE OF BECOMING A HAS-BEEN! IF HE HAS ANY BRAINS, HE'LL STAY IN BED AND DEFAULT!



ORIGINALLY PRESENTED IN ADVENTURE INTO TERROR #24

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BUT WHEN IT'S TIME FOR THE MATCH, SATIN SHOWS UP! STRICTLY SMALL-TIME... HE BRINGS ONLY **ONE RACKET** WITH HIM... AND WHAT A LAUGH I GET DURING THE WARM-UP SESSION! THIS PUNK'S FORM IS SO BAD, HE COULDN'T QUALIFY AS BALL BOY AT A HOME FOR THE AGED!

THEY'RE WARMING UP ON THE CENTER COURT NOW, FOLKS... HARLOW'S STROKING IS TRULY MAGNIFICENT! HIS OPPONENT, DICK SATIN, AN UNKNOWN, IS TO PUT IT MILDLY, SLIGHTLY AWKWARD...



BUT SATIN MANAGES TO GET THAT RACKET OF HIS ON THE BALL AND SENDS BACK A TRICKY SHOT THAT I NEVER REACH DESPITE A DESPERATE LUNGE!



WHEN SATIN APPROACHES THE NET, I IGNORE HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND!

THE CROWD LAUGHS AND I GET RILED! I THOUGHT I'D TAKE IT EASY WITH THIS PUNK, EXPERIMENT WITH SOME NEW SHOTS, BUT **NOW** I'M GOING TO BLAST HIM OFF THE COURT!



BUT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN THAT WAY! SATIN'S FORM STAYS HORRIBLE, BUT ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TOUCH THE BALL WITH THAT RACKET OF HIS, AND THE SHOTS THAT TRICKLE BACK ARE ALL WINNERS!



SO I STALK OFF TOWARDS THE CLUBHOUSE, MY BLOOD BOILING!

WOW! WHAT A SERVICE!



THIS MUST BE A NIGHTMARE! I TRY EVERY DIRTY TRICK I KNOW! I TRY TO DISTRACT HIM WHILE HE'S WAITING FOR LOBS! I RUSH MY SERVICE, BUT THE POINTS KEEP PILING UP RELENTLESSLY AGAINST ME! AND FINALLY...

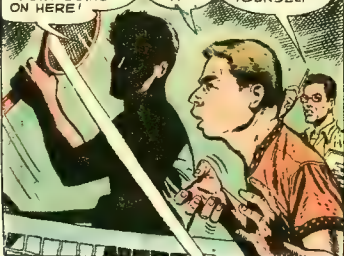
GAME, SET, MATCH... MR. SATIN WINS!



LET ME SEE THAT RACKET! THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY GOING ON HERE!

NO! YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH IT!

MR. HARLOW, PLEASE... RESTRAIN YOURSELF!



CARE TO MAKE ANY STATEMENTS AFTER YOUR FIRST MATCH, HARLOW?

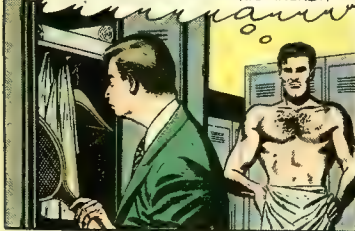
GO TO THE DEVIL!

YOU ALWAYS WERE A POOR SPORT, HARLOW! YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR A LONG TIME!



IN THE CLUBHOUSE, SATIN DRESSES SILENTLY
BESIDE ME AFTER STOWING THAT RACKET OF HIS
AWAY IN THE LOCKER!

I STILL THINK SOMETHING'S PHONY! IT JUST
DOESN'T FIGURE THAT A GUY WITH SUCH ROTTEN
FORM SHOULD BEAT A PLAYER LIKE ME!
TONIGHT... WHEN NO ONE'S AROUND... I'LL COME
BACK HERE AND CHECK HIS RACKET!



SO THAT NIGHT, I STEAL BACK INTO THE SHADOWY
LOCKER ROOM! I USE A SKELETON KEY TO OPEN
SATIN'S LOCKER! AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO LAY
MY HANDS UPON IT...



WHEN SUDDENLY I'M GRABBED
FROM BEHIND!



I'M COMING TO NOW. THE SICKLY
SWEET SMELL OF CHLOROFORM
STILL CLOGGING MY NOSTRILS...



WHERE
AM
I?

YOU WOULD GIVE
ANYTHING IN THE
WORLD TO PLAY
CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS
...WOULDN'T YOU,
HARLOW?

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO WITH ME?

I AM GOING
TO GRANT
YOU YOUR
WISH,
BURGESS
HARLOW!



BUT HOW? WHY
ARE YOU GOING TO
OPERATE?

TO MAKE SURE AT
LEAST PART OF
YOU PLAYS CHAMPION-
SHIP TENNIS! I NEED
ANOTHER RACKET,
HARLOW... MY RACKET...
AS YOU GUESSED... IS
A VERY SPECIAL KIND!
THE STRINGS...



...ARE NOT
MADE OF
CATGUT!!



AIEEEEEE!!

THE END

THE LAST MAN!

JOE'S EYES GLOW IN THE DARK! HIS LIPS, HIS BODY QUIVER WITH THE **NEED TO KILL!** HE IS CONSUMED WITH HIS NEED... HIS EVERY THOUGHT, HIS EVERY FEELING FOCUS ON THIS ONE DESIRE... TO KILL THE MAN COMING TOWARD HIM...

HE'S COMIN'! I WANT TO **KILL** HIM SO BAD IT'S LIKE A TASTE IN MY MOUTH! MORE THAN **ANYTHIN'** I'VE EVER WANTED IN MY WHOLE LIFE, I WANT TO SEE HIM DEAD AT MY FEET!



THE **STEPS** COME CLOSER! QUICK PICTURES SIFT THROUGH THE MIND OF THE KILLER... PICTURES OF THE EVENTS OF THE LAST **12 HOURS** THAT HAD LED TO THIS...

HE REMEMBERED HOW THE **HANDKERCHIEF** HAD SLIPPED FROM HIS FACE AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE! HOW THE **CLERK** HAD LOOKED AND SEEN HIS FACE PLAINLY...

BUT BEFORE HE COULD **KILL** THE CLERK, THE SOUND BEHIND HIM HAD SPUN HIM AROUND...



HE HAD **RUN** THEN, KILLING A BANK GUARD AS HE LEFT...



HE'D **DITCHED** THE CAR HE'D USED AND HID IN THE CELLAR OF A DESERTED HOUSE! HE COULD HEAR THE DISTANT **POLICE SIRENS** AS THE MEN OF THE LAW COMBED THE CITY.



WAIT A MINUTE! THAT **CLERK**... HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW MY FACE... THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN **IDENTIFY** ME! IF I KILLED HIM, I'D BE IN THE CLEAR... THEY COULD NEVER PROVE ANYTHING, EVEN IF THEY TAGGED ME FOR THIS CAPER!



BY BACK STREETS AND ALLEYS HE'D COME AGAIN TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE BANK! THEN HE'D WAITED... AND **WAITED**...

THEY'LL **NEVER** THINK I'D COME BACK HERE! I'LL WAIT UNTIL THAT CLERK COMES OUT... IF I HAVE TO WAIT A WEEK, I'LL WAIT FOR HIM... AND WHEN HE SHOWS, **I'LL KILL HIM**...



HOURS PASSED AND WITH THEIR PASSING THE **HATE** AND THE DESIRE TO KILL ONE MAN HAD GROWN, UNTIL NOW THAT THE TIME HAS COME, THERE IS **NOTHING** LEFT IN THE WORLD FOR JOE BUT THIS ONE PASSION...



THE MAN **CRUMPLES** BEFORE HIM! A SHOUT SOUNDS! HE TURNS... TOO LATE!



HE FALLS THROUGH A **BOTTOMLESS HOLE** OF STAR-SHOT PAIN! SOMEWHERE A CLOCK CHIMES SEVEN, THEN... OBLIVION!



SUNSHINE... THE WARMTH IS ON HIS FACE! HE OPENS HIS EYES, BLINKING IN THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING...



WONDER WHY THE **COPS** LEFT ME LAYIN' HERE? IT'S AWFUL QUIET... TOO QUIET FOR DAYLIGHT! FUNNY... COPS GONE, THE GUY I SHOT **GONE**...



NOBODY ON THE STREETS... THAT'S FUNNY! MAYBE IT'S TOO EARLY YET! BUT THERE'S NO SOUND, ANYWHERE! I'LL FIND AN ALL-NIGHT JOINT... GET SOME **COFFEE**! I'VE GOT TO **THINK**...



HE WALKS DOWN THE **DESERTED** STREETS... NO SOUND, NO MOVEMENT OTHER THAN HIS OWN! AN EERIE **EMPTYNESS** SILENTLY ECHOES THROUGH THE VAST CITY...

NOBODY! THE JOINTS, THE STORES, THE STREETS ALL DESERTED! LIKE... LIKE AS IF EVERYBODY **DIED** AN' BLEW AWAY! SOMETHIN'S AWFUL SCREWY...



HE'S A MAN WHO LIKES COMPANY, JOE IS... HE'S ALWAYS HAD A **HORROR** OF BEING ALONE! HE'S FRIGHTENED NOW... FRIGHTENED BY THE ALONE-NESS, EMPTYNESS...

HE RUNS **FASTER**, SHOUTS LOUDER! HE RIPS OPEN DOORS, RUNS THROUGH BUILDINGS...

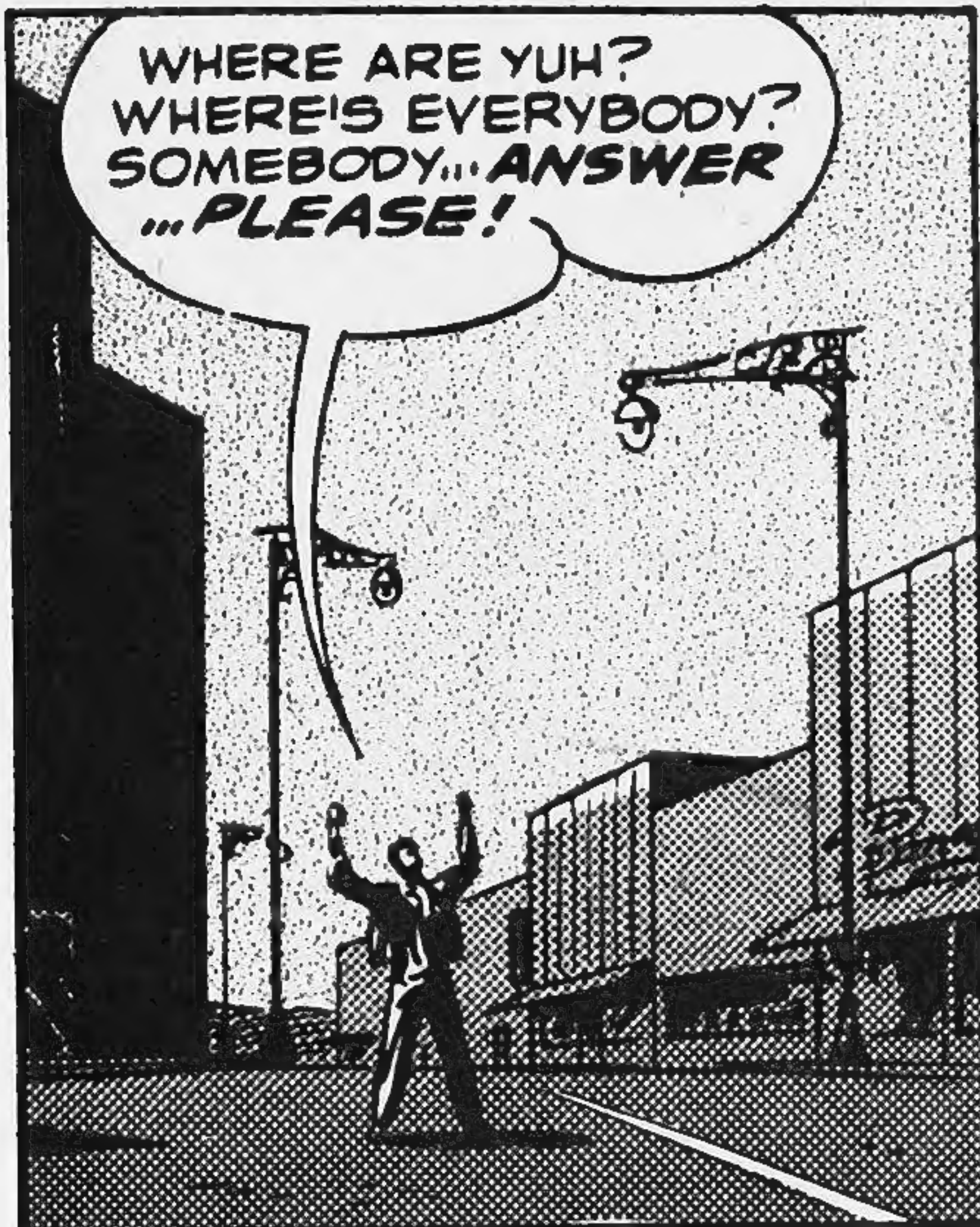
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMEBODY AROUND! HELLO! **HELLO!** SOMEBODY... ANSWER!



THE CITY'S EMPTY... NO ONE, NO SIGN OF A LIVING BEING! JOE'S HALF CRAZY NOW, A **NAMELESS** FEAR PRESSING AT HIM...

ONLY **ECHOES** ANSWER! HE SINKS TO THE CURB, TERRIBLY ALONE, SOBBING IN **BEWILDERMENT** AND FEAR...

WHAT'S THAT?? A SOUND... **FOOTSTEPS!** MAYBE I'M IMAGINING... NO! NO, IT'S GOTTA BE SOMEBODY!



WHERE ARE YUH?
WHERE'S EVERYBODY?
SOMEBODY... **ANSWER**
...PLEASE!



I... I'M **ALONE**... ALL ALONE
NOBODY... NOBODY'S HERE...
EVERYBODY'S GONE! GONE...
WHERE? WHY? WHAT'S
HAPPENED? I... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND... (SOB!)



HE **JUMPS UP!** A FIGURE WEAVES TOWARD HIM! A GREAT CRY OF JOY RIPS FROM JOE'S LIPS! HE RUNS TOWARD THE FIGURE...

HE STOPS SUDDENLY IN FRONT OF THE MAN! IT'S HIM... THE CLERK HE **SHOT** LAST NIGHT... IF IT WAS LAST NIGHT...



HELLO!
HELLO!!



YOU!
YOU **SHOT ME!** I CAME TO THIS MORNING... SAW YOU LYING THERE, THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! I **WANDERED AWAY!** THE WHOLE CITY... IT'S EMPTY... THE COUNTRY, THE EARTH... EMPTY... NOBODY LEFT, JUST YOU... AND ME...

JOE **LAUGHS!** HE GRABS THE MAN HE'D WANTED SO MUCH TO KILL... HE **HUGS** HIM! "NOBODY LEFT, JUST YOU AND ME!" NOBODY BUT THIS MAN... A LIVING BULWARK AGAINST THE SILENCE, THE EMPTINESS... AGAINST MADNESS OR **SUICIDE**...

JOE TAKES THE **PAPER!** IT'S ALL THERE! IT STARTED LAST NIGHT AT ONE MINUTE AFTER SEVEN...



THERE'S YOU AN' ME... YEAH! WE'LL BE FRIENDS, **GREAT FRIENDS!** WE'LL MAKE OUT... SOMEHOW WE'LL MAKE OUT SO LONG AS WE **STICK TOGETHER!** BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

IT'S IN THIS **PAPER** I FOUND! AN EXTRA... A **LAST EDITION**...



NO. 2 WEEKLY
SKY FILLED WITH FLYING SAUCERS

HE READS THE VIVID, FRIGHTENED WORDS, AND IN HIS MIND HE SEES IT... HEARS THE **TERRIBLE**, METALLIC VOICE THAT CAME FROM THE SAUCERS...



EARTHLINGS! HEAR YOUR DESTINY!

WE OF **SATURN** HAVE WATCHED YOU! WE HAVE SEEN THE FOLLY OF YOUR **DESTRUCTION** OF EACH OTHER! NOW WITH **ATOMIC WEAPONS** IN YOUR GRASP AND ON THE EVE OF SPACE TRAVEL, WE MUST STOP THAT FOLLY LEST ALL THE GALAXY SUFFER!



IN A MOMENT WE SHALL RELEASE A **GAS** WHICH WILL BRING YOU COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL! YOU WILL THEN BE PUT ABOARD OUR SHIPS AND TRANSFERRED TO MARS AND SATURN WHERE YOU WILL BECOME SLAVES! EARTH WILL BE LEFT **UNINHABITED** UNTIL IN SOME DISTANT FUTURE A NEW RACE EVOLVES FROM ITS RUINS...



THE GAS!! NO, THEY CAN'T!

...I CAN'T... MOVE...



WHAT...WHAT IS THE MATTER?

THE BULLET, IT... AHHHHHHH!

THE **LAST MAN IN THE WORLD** SITS IN AN EMPTY CITY HOLDING A CORPSE IN HIS ARMS! HIS **LIPS** TWIST, MANIACAL LAUGHTER ECHOES THROUGH THE LIFELESS CANYONS OF THE DEAD CITY...

FUNNY HOW THE **TWISTED** BRAIN OF A DELIRIOUS KILLER CAN INVENT A **NIGHTMARE** WHICH WILL TORTURE HIM FOR THE REST OF HIS NATURAL LIFE!



I DID IT! I KILLED HIM, LAST NIGHT! KILLED THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO COULD KEEP ME FROM LONELINESS... FROM... FROM... HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!



THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD MUST HAVE AFFECTED HIS BRAIN!

WHERE HE'S GOIN' IT WON'T MATTER!

ALONE... ALONE! ...I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THE WORLD ...THE LAST MAN... HA... HA!

